

WBJ  
B263  
1838



*A. Anthon.*  
*al*

**BARN-YARD RHYMES;**

SHOWING

WHAT OPINIONS

THE TURKEY, THE COCK, THE GOOSE,  
AND THE DUCK,

ENTERTAIN OF

ALLOPATHIA, HOMOPATHIA, ELECTRO-GALVANISM,

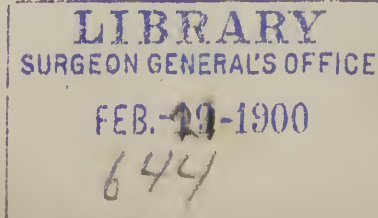
AND THE

ANIMALCULE DOCTRINES.

NEW-YORK:

G. & C. CARVILL & CO.

1838.



WBJ  
B263  
1838

NEW-YORK:  
Printed by SCATCHERD & ADAMS,  
No. 3<sup>d</sup> Gold Street

## DEDICATION.

---

TO DOCTOR CHAPMAN,

OF PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR SIR,

Considering you as one of the "three good doctors," the Author has taken the liberty of presenting this little work to your notice.

Accept of it as a token of respectful and grateful regard.



## BARN-YARD RHYMES.

Showing what opinions the Turkey, the Cock, the Goose, and the Duck, entertain of Allopathia, Homopathia, Electro-Galvanism, and the animalcule doctrines.

---

ONE morning, just at break of day,  
A well-fed cock, with plumage gay,  
Was crowing out with all his might,  
To rouse the slumberers of the night.  
A turkey in the neighbourhood,  
But scantily supplied with food,  
Soon as he heard the thrilling horn,  
Stopp'd raking through the straw for corn.  
Hark ! said he, sure that voice I know,  
None but my friend has such a crow ;  
I'll to him, 'twill be very hard,  
If in the large abundant yard  
Of his good master—Farmer Stubbs,  
I can't pick up a dozen grubs.

But first I'll stop this noisy thing,  
I'll teach him to pipe up and sing.  
He made short work of a poor cricket,  
Not staying to dissect and pick it,  
But gave one snap, and in his crop  
He let the frightened insect drop.  
Then off he strutted, running, flying,  
The break-o'-day marauders shying,  
Till out of breath, and failing fast,  
The farmer's shed he reached at last.  
Here he stood humbly under cover,  
Until his flurried pulse was over.

The rooster, having rung his peel,  
And helped dame Partlet to a meal,  
Fell *to* himself, and filled his craw  
With every wholesome thing he saw.  
So he was ready, wind and limb,  
When his old friend accosted him.

Good morning, Mister Chanticleer,  
Right glad am I to find you here.  
We have not met since early spring,  
When I set out a foraging.

Ah ! Mister Gobbler, said the cock,  
What ! all alive at five o'clock.



But bless my heart, what's this to do—  
You look so meagre and so blue,  
I did not know you—look at me,  
Good living keeps me fat, you see.  
Are you the turkey that folks say  
Job threw up in the air one day,  
And that it was so poor, and light,  
The wind soon blew it out of sight?  
If you're the one, how came you here,  
Mere *feathers* could not downwards steer;  
Was you on terra firma thrown,  
Plump, by a meteoric stone?

Not liking this brisk salutation,  
The turkey reddened with vexation,  
He wheeled and spread his ample tail,  
Hoping to make the rooster quail,  
But the wind took him aft, and blew him—  
Just as if 'twere a pleasure to him—  
A distance off. He made a tack,  
And with some effort sidled back.

Said Chanticleer, 'twas mighty silly  
To be thus driven willy nilly.  
But never mind—that tail of yours,  
In brawls, a good retreat secures.

For, spread it out before the wind,  
And you will distance all behind.

The turkey lowered his scarlet crest  
Angrily down his swelling breast,  
And strutting round, with fiery eye,  
Ventured upon a sharp reply.

Upon my word, you think, said he,  
A jack-straw could demolish me ;  
And that because I'm thin, I must  
Be blown about by every gust.  
Try beak to beak, my doughty sir,  
I'm game, although I have no spur.  
Come on, I say, and make amends,  
For here our ancient friendship ends.

The cock crowed out, and clapt his wings,  
Not caring for such vapourish flings.  
Why, gad-a-mercy, sirs, said he,  
How spunky you have got to be.  
You must be Commodore, at least,  
And look on fighting as a feast.  
Pray can't you take a little joke ?  
'Twas only out of fun I spoke.  
You know of old I love to teaze ;  
Why, man, you are a Hercules !

Come, give us your claw and creep in here,  
I'll help you to some dainty cheer.

Being chicken-hearted at the best,  
The turkey pocketed the jest.  
He had no stomach for a fight,  
Especially with food in sight.  
Not waiting to be asked again,  
He crept through and attacked the grain,  
Whilst Chanticleer, with right good will,  
That he the turkey's craw might fill,  
Scratch'd up, from rich and mellow ground,  
The fattest grubs that could be found ;  
Amazed, he saw them disappear  
By dozens, and it seemed quite clear,  
So fast the Gobbler did devour,  
That he might scratch on for an hour.  
Dugald Dalghetty was a mock,  
To our poor, famished turkey cock.

Quoth Chanticleer, my honest friend,  
Your hunger seems to have no end ;  
But eat away, 'tis healthy stuff,  
You're likely once to have enough.

When thirst and hunger, both were sated,  
The turkey's outward form dilated.

He stroked his feathers, wiped his bill,  
Astonished that he'd had his fill.  
The cock saw this, and upward flew,  
Perching upon a tree in view.  
And when secure, he courteously,  
Beckoned the turkey to the tree ;  
But the dull fellow, though he bragged,  
Full or fasting, always flagged.  
The most he ventured—wing and tail—  
Was just to catch an upper rail.

Come from the fence, said Chanticleer,  
You'll find yourself much better here,  
Here we can take a bird's eye glance,  
And guard against design or chance.

No, thank you, said the turkey, I  
Grow giddy when I mount so high,  
Besides, a fowl is very apt,  
Unless the poacher's gun has snapt,  
To get well seasoned by a shot,  
And clapt into a pepper-pot.  
Catch but the miscreant in the fact,  
And hear how he'll defend the act.  
" A turkey have I shot ? absurd !  
I took him for a little bird."

I vow it makes my gizzard ache  
To think of dying by mistake.  
I'll sit here, therefore, if you please,  
I can't converse unless at ease.  
But as you're high, just cast a look,  
And warn me should you see the cook.

The cock laughed out ; said he, my dear,  
Nor you, nor I have cause to fear ;  
She'll not your viscera chop by dribblets,  
Nor make a gravy of your giblets,  
For you are nothing but a puff,  
And I am old and somewhat tough.  
Sit still, I'll use due vigilance  
Whilst you are crouching on the fence ;  
And yet 'tis inconvenient too,  
To cock my eye and bend so low.  
Your visit happens very pat,  
I want to have a little chat  
About my good old friend, your spouse ;  
How many younglings does she house,  
Under whose hen-coop does she hatch ?  
I hope she raises many a batch.

Poor Mister Gobbler hung his head.  
Alas ! said he, my spouse is dead.

Of every youngling I'm bereft,  
And out of twelve not one is left !

What ! said the cock—" at one fell swoop "  
Were they snatched, trembling, from the coop ?  
Or, added he, with hesitation,  
Did they all die through sheer starvation ?

The turkey shook his head, and sigh'd ;  
Of different ailments all have died,  
I got the very best advice,  
And medicines at any price.  
We lost one healthy little thing,  
Whilst through a course of dieting,  
The doctor said she grew too fat,  
And he went on so fiercely, that,  
Before a month was over—fegs,  
He fairly took her off her legs.  
He said one had a quick decline,  
From an affection of the spine,  
Merely, because when going to eat,  
She stood lop-sided on her feet.  
Oh ! how we scarified her back  
With tartar emetic—then the rack  
Was fixed to stretch her—though I thought,  
The side stoop was a trick she caught.

She died ! When opened, by the powers !  
We found her spine as sound as ours !  
One child that *I* knew had the pip,  
Was soon pronounced to have the Grippe.  
We might have cured him easily ;  
But, thinking it the Grippe, you see  
We went too violently to work,  
For that disease kills in a jerk.  
So what with physic and advice,  
He kicked the bucket in a trice.  
Two that with colds began to shiver,  
Were said to have the scarlet fever,  
When, on inspection after death,  
For the Lobelia stopt their breath,  
We found the redness on their breast  
Proceeded from incipient crest !  
Two fell through a Sangrado trial,  
And one drank poison from a phial !  
This, said the cock, need not amaze,  
These facts are common now-a-days.  
For such necessity you're under  
To swallow drugs, that where's the wonder,  
If in your haste, when one is sick,  
You give for chalk vile arsenick ?



Many a man, the papers tell,  
Has drank saltpetre for Rochelle.  
And there's corrosive sublimate,  
Which to destroy the bugs you get,  
Often stands open in the closet  
In which you medicines deposit.  
A lawless child drinks from the bottle,  
And scorches up his little throttle.  
Upon my life, I'm forced to say  
There's too much physic in the way,  
And I do wish the time were come  
To scourge it out of Christendom.  
But I have stopt you—pray go on,  
And tell me what was further done.

My spouse, who throve so well by picking  
Good honest worms, soon lay a kicking,  
She had the gapes—a thing, you know,  
That turkeys oft are subject to.  
And yet the doctor said, at once,  
That any one—unless a dunce,  
And purposely meant to deceive her—  
Might know she had a morbid liver,  
And ere she was an hour older,  
She'd feel a pain dart through her shoulder.



Then turning shortly round, from her,  
Dear madam, said he, I infer,  
From looking at your husband's skin,  
He has some vile disease within.  
I think he has disordered lungs,  
From raking through the barn-yard dungs;  
Consumptions are induced, alas!  
By breathing such mephitic gas.  
Trying the stethoscope upon me,  
He soon to his opinion won me.

Ah me! could you have only known,  
The medicines I swallowed down,  
And what I suffered, first to last,  
'Twould make your feathers stand aghast.  
He clapt a seton in my neck,  
That he the *tendency* might check.  
A plaster of cantharides—  
(I had a little sneezy wheeze)—  
Was on my breast—just see the scars,  
As if I'd been in fifty wars.  
Every third day I was bled,  
All to ease my lungs he said.  
I soon was brought to skin and bone,  
And fairly on my beam ends thrown.

But, thanks to a good constitution,  
I weathered through this persecution ;  
Glad to escape with nothing worse  
Than weakness and an empty purse.  
But my poor Turkeyana died,  
Although the doctor fairly tried  
His grand experiment upon her,  
Which should have brought him off with honour ;  
This nostrum was to work a wonder,  
A ne plus ultra, quick as thunder.  
Soon as he felt her pulse, and found  
That her poor liver was unsound,  
He dosed her well with calomel,  
In doses large and small, until,  
To his surprise and great vexation,  
It ended in a salivation ;  
And yet, I could not but suppose  
It was the very thing he chose,  
Although, I know, 'tis often said  
That sometimes such mistakes are made.  
But finding this would do no good,  
He took twelve ounces of her blood,  
And then twelve more, with leech and cup,  
Yet still he could not bring her up,

Although he ordered her quinine,  
With draughts of Epsom salts between.  
What castor oil she took, too !—faugh,  
The very smell sticks in my craw.  
Poor creature, how she'd sigh and moan,  
Entreating to be let alone.  
Contending, long as she could speak,  
That all this doctoring made her weak ;  
She said a cup of oatmeal broth  
Could never hurt her—By my troth,  
Had it not been the doctor's order,  
I should have hastened her disorder,  
By giving her some corn, or brought her  
A few bills full of chicken-water.  
I thought, too, that a chestnut worm  
Could never do a turkey harm,  
And that a round grub in the bill  
Was better far than drastic pill.  
The doctor to my prayer was frigid,  
For in such cases he was rigid.  
The most he would do when he'd come,  
Was just to moist her bill with gum.  
He often sadly smiled, and said,  
“ Dear lady, while you keep your bed,

You *must* submit, 'tis for your good  
That you are thus debarr'd from food,  
'Tis only fancy to suppose  
That physic's bad—just hold your nose.  
When well you shall have food enough,  
And leave off taking doctor stuff."  
Then he would press her hand, and say,  
"I hope that in another day  
I'll find you better, let the nurse  
Obey my orders." But the curse  
Is on these women—as to her,  
I could not from the bed-side stir;  
For when she'd laudanum to drop,  
She never could tell when to stop.  
Then she would *lie* so to the doctor,  
That I could off the chair have knocked her.  
She was, besides all this, forgetful,  
And broken rest had made her fretful.  
Had it not been that my poor wife,  
Lay hovering atwixt death and life,  
I should have been amused to see,  
The solemn, yet mock courtesy,  
That passed between the doctor and  
The drudge who moved at his command.

Then how she'd whisper in a corner,  
When he of carelessness would warn her.  
He told her she must watch the clock,  
And be decided as a rock,  
Never to let her nerves be shaken,  
When there were medicines to be taken.  
But much she minded—for, at random,  
In double doses oft she'd hand them ;  
And when the doctor came next day,  
To make inquiries of the way  
In which his patient ate or slept,  
*Half* of the truth behind she kept.  
Why should she criminate herself,  
When she left physic on the shelf.  
Did *he* suppose she'd tell him when  
She gave full twenty drops for ten ?  
Many an illness has been worsted,  
When to the nurse's faith we've trusted.  
However, the doctor's earnestness  
Made up for this one's carelessness.  
Hour after hour, he used to sit  
Over this case, and study it.  
At least he often told us so,  
And we were bound to believe, you know.

Determined, let it cost what would,  
That he would make his boastings good,  
Which was to rid my wife of pain,  
And set her on her feet again.  
How we respected him ! afraid,  
By one small doubt to lose his aid,  
Soon as he spoke we held our breath,  
For on his words hung life or death.  
One hour he gave us hope, and then,  
The next one sunk us down again.  
At length the ne plus ultra fixed her,  
An iron tincture was the mixture ;  
The third dose brought on inflammation,  
And then he spoke of consultation.  
We all agreed to call in three,  
That they might on some plan agree.  
But though they battled well the ground,  
No two could think alike, I found.  
One doctor, with a solemn phiz,  
Said that it would not be amiss,  
Now that the fever ran so high,  
An ice cold shower bath to try.  
At this another shook his head,  
*His* wishes were to have her bled.

A third cried out, Lobelia, Sir,  
Is now the only hope for her.  
*Our* doctor then proposed that gas,  
In the form of yest, be given—Alas !  
Before the experiments were tried  
The persecuted creature died.  
The doctors all looked solemnly,  
And made their exit with a fee.  
Before they went, they had the grace,  
To say, *before our doctor's face*,  
“ That, had the patient been their own,  
No better judgment could be shown.  
His skill and care had stood the test,  
His treatment of her was the best.”  
Our own good doctor sadly grieved,  
And yet his feelings were relieved,  
When I assured him—under favour,  
He tried his utmost skill to save her.  
That no one could have acted firmer,  
(I paid his bill without a murmur.)  
I gave three yards of linen too,  
As all the New-York mourners do.  
For well they know the doctor loves  
A fine white scarf and pair of gloves,



Which scarf his wife can soon convert,  
Into a wide, full-bosomed shirt.  
Some women are so superstitious,  
That could they always have their wishes,  
They would not with the scarf be vexed,  
For fear their turn would come the next.  
But doctor's wives are no such fools,  
They like the good, old-fashioned rules;  
For when there's great mortality,  
And scarves come three a-day, you see,  
The doctor's lady soon converts  
All that's not wanted for the shirts,  
Into French cambrics, silks, and laces;  
For, be it known, there's many places,  
Where shopmen, customers to please,  
Will make exchanges such as these.

The cock heard all in great surprise,  
The *de-tails* made his feathers rise;  
Not that the turkey told him news,  
Or that he credit could refuse,  
Such cases happen every day,  
And the same game the doctors play.  
When you know one, you're pretty sure,  
In the same way they kill or cure;



And nine tenths of the cures we see,  
Are guess-work—mere humbuggery.  
When Nature gives us robust strength,  
The doctors may go any length,  
A long time can they ply their skill,  
Before the constitution will  
Break down—for much we can endure  
Before we pay the forfeiture.  
Is it not wonderful to think,  
How much of poisonous drugs we drink,  
And the poor stomach weakened—nay,  
Often times ruined in a day?—  
It does appear that we contrive  
To test how much we can survive.

But to return—the cock, I say,  
Heard the whole story in dismay.  
My feathers ! said he, with a scowl,  
You're far more stupid than an owl ;  
Or else are knavish as a crow,  
To let a doctor serve you so.  
As to your spouse, I must infer  
You wanted to get rid of her.  
Why did not you Lobelia give her,  
And in a cold bath make her shiver.

Then when an ague she had got,  
Plunge her in vapour steaming hot.  
And while the perspiration flows,  
Suddenly pull off the clothes,  
That the cold air from open doors  
Might quickly stop up all the pores.  
'Tis better thus *at once* to rid,  
Than kill by inches as you did.  
Bitter experience makes us wise,  
And it would very much surprise,  
If, disregarding all your pain,  
You should resort to drugs again.  
Can this a wise man's noddle please ?  
What ! choose to die of no disease,  
But what the leech and medicine  
So *lawfully* creates within !  
I lose all patience at the thought,  
That in such barefaced traps you're caught.  
Tell me your doctor's name, that I,  
May the bold, hardy empiric shy.

The turkey heard the rooster out,  
And feeling just now very stout,  
He braced himself to answer all  
The sarcasms that the cock let fall.

What ! shun him ! call him empiric !  
Such libels cut me to the quick.  
Where under heaven could you find  
One so considerate and kind ?  
Shun him, indeed ! There's my poor wife,  
How hard he strove to save her life.  
Shun him ! a pretty joke, indeed,  
If every doctor that is feed,  
Must suffer from the nimble clappers,  
Of wishy, washy, whipper snappers.  
Suppose he by mistake or rule,  
Lose *fifty* patients—must a fool  
Make such an inconvenient stir,  
And take away his character ?  
Must *he* be called an empiric  
By every snarling splenetic ?  
Don't doctors a diploma show,  
That suffers them to come and go ;  
And have the run of all our houses,  
To cure our children and our spouses ?  
Must *they* be made to give a reason,  
Just as if it *were* high treason,  
Or any thing so mighty rare,  
To kill by foul means or by fair ?

All mortals must be thrown a-back,  
Whether by license or by quack.  
I loved my spouse and my young brood,  
As well as any mortal could ;  
Yet such is my great confidence,  
In our good doctor's skill and sense,  
That were they all alive again,  
And I my senses should retain,  
I'd trust my life—that is to say—  
I'd trust my household night and day,  
With one so skilful, kind, and true ;  
And feel myself his debtor too.

Pray, stop to breathe, the cock replied,  
And lay your ruffled speech aside.  
I shall not at your doctor fly,  
And in a fury pick his eye.  
I see you wonder in a spell,  
But what's the name of your great swell ?

Swell, said the turkey in a wrath,  
'Tis the great doctor Allopath !

Ha, ha, laughed out the cock ; is it he ?  
And nearly tumbled from the tree.  
Ha, ha ; what, is it he, the scamp,  
That made your baker's dozen tramp ?

Have you been taking philtres—fool !  
To let *him* o'er your judgment rule ?  
You put your household in his power,  
And he destroyed them by the hour.  
One of his followers is the hearse,  
Thompsonian practice is no worse ;  
There is no difference, that I see,  
Either in their success—or fee.  
The doctors make a great outcry,  
When the Thompsonians' patients die.  
But should *they* also count their dead,  
The odds between them, I'm afraid,  
Would be but little in their favour,  
And not of much more knowledge savour.  
It is the most mysterious thing,  
That physic's had so long a swing ;  
So many deaths and such distress,  
Should make one doubt its usefulness.  
If I had known to whom you trusted,  
Knowing you never could be worsted,  
I should have tried to bring you round,  
And break the spell by which you're bound.

Whilst thus the cock run on, the other  
Could hardly his impatience smother.

Pray, said he, may I be so bold,  
Since doctors thus so cheap you hold,  
As to inquire, when you are ill,  
Who should for you prescribe a pill?

Who should prescribe! said Chanticleer;  
Why, one whom Allopathists fear,  
Through Russia and through France he's known,  
And Germans claim him as their own.  
He keeps us from untimely graves,  
And nineteen out of twenty saves.  
No nauseous doses does he give,  
Because he means that all shall live.  
The millionth part of a drop he uses,  
And this small fraction he infuses  
Throughout a gallon of fair water,  
So that there is no wholesale slaughter,  
As with your Allopathic practice,  
By which the system griped and racked is.

Ah! said the Gobbler, I am glad  
That such a doctor's to be had.  
He hath a name, too, I infer,  
As well as a good character.

Yes, proudly said the cock, he hath;  
'Tis the great doctor Homopath!

'Twas now the turkey's turn to laugh ;  
What ! said he, are you such a calf,  
To trust to luck, as one may say,  
And hope for cure-alls in this way ?  
But come, since you have heard me through,  
I'll hear what Homopathists do.  
Is their art down in books and rules,  
And do they teach it in the schools ?

Yes, said the cock, the world can see,  
Unless they're blinded wilfully,  
The whole explained—and you will find  
Men of great worth and sterling mind,  
Who, shaking off the fears of youth,  
Come boldly out and speak the truth.  
They don't kill wholesale, in a jerk,  
Nor go like empirics to work ;  
Nor do they undermine, or hint,  
But fearlessly speak out and print.  
There's never any thing concealed,  
See " Homopathia revealed."  
An able work, and from the pen  
Of a distinguished gentleman. (A)  
Read that—the subject's well explained,  
And all the doctrine's there sustained.



The Allopathists carefully  
Keep authors of celebrity  
Quite out of sight, lest those who read  
Should understand the wholesome creed.  
There's scarcely any pamphlets printed,  
In which you'll find it even hinted  
That there are Homopathia books,  
Lest the inquirer, as he looks,  
Will find the names of learned men,  
Who have assisted with their pen.  
The Allopathists make you believe  
That none but fanatics receive,  
Or propagate the doctrine. They  
Will find themselves exposed some day.

So much they dread that truth will out,  
That Allopathists go about  
Detailing every speck and flaw,  
And the vilest inference draw.  
'Tis very difficult, I own,  
To make the *truest* doctrines known.  
But surely men should be more wise  
Than *every* thing that's new despise.  
Gravitation *once* was new,  
And so was Harvey's *doctrine* too.



Yet we should kick that man from college,  
Who *now* should underrate this knowledge.

Our doctors never run away,  
Or "go for health," as people say,  
Soon as a pestilence appears,  
To conjure up their nervous fears.  
Whip me such cowardly M. D.'s.,  
Who serve their patients as they please;  
But what of that? I have no doubt,  
When panic puts them to the rout,  
They have the art—for such are men,  
To coax their practice back again.  
There's not one Homopath, I know,  
Could ever serve a patient so.  
If any illness or contagion,  
Should season after season rage on,  
He keeps his post, nor ever flags,  
Still less of his devotion brags.  
To boastings we have no pretence,  
But trust to *facts* for our defence.  
Your books must lie upon the shelves,  
So badly you defend yourselves.  
If you had kept your writers quiet,  
You would have been a gainer by it.

But since you throw the gauntlet down,  
And with abuse the missile crown,  
Why, we shall take it up, and prove  
In what a labyrinth you move.

They who are in a house of glass,  
Must fear a stone from those that pass ;  
And lest they might provoke a blow,  
They should not be the first to throw.

I wish some clever man of sense  
Were sitting by you on the fence,  
That he might hear this conversation,  
And spread it widely through the nation.  
What we have said of doctors, would  
Do the community some good.

The turkey said he thought so too,  
And he had such a friend in view,  
Who would these sentiments disperse,  
First throwing them in doggrel verse.  
Yet, said he, as you've spoken true,  
I'll speak as candidly to *you*.  
For, notwithstanding—to my cost—  
That all my family are lost ;  
And though quite emptied is my purse,  
By doctors, druggists, and the nurse ;

And that, in consequence of this,  
Every thing has gone amiss,  
Yet, till I hear a little more,  
I'll hold on as I was before.  
I cannot think a creed is wrong  
When it has stood its ground so long.

That is no proof, said Chanticleer ;  
For ages did it not appear,  
(And what was the opinion worth)  
That the *sun* moved around the earth ?  
Now you and I, and every one,  
Believe the *earth* turns round the sun.

With stately walk, all white and spruce,  
Out from the clover came a goose.  
What, ho, said he ; pray what's the pother !  
That you thus worry one another ?  
There is no use in this contention,  
You both, in my poor apprehension,  
Far as your scanty knowledge leads,  
Have argued fairly from your creeds.  
But take this with you to begin,  
That in the art of medicine,  
Whatever you the doctrine call,  
There is no certainty at all.

We no more can depend upon it,  
Than on the truth of ode or sonnet.  
For of *this* fact no man can doubt,  
That art can't turn him inside out.  
How, therefore, are the doctors sure  
They can the internal viscera cure ?  
As to *both* doctors—all I say,  
That neither of them know *this* day,  
More than Hippocrates of old,  
The father of the art, I'm told.  
Most sapiently they cure to order  
Every species of disorder ;  
Treating each malady alike,  
Just like the farrier's oil of spike ;  
Which, if you may believe the braggers,  
Cures both the cholic and the staggers,  
And all disorders, old and new,  
That a poor horse is subject to.  
Have you the head-ache—do you breathe  
A little short—or would you sheathe  
An inflammation in the throat,  
The doctors find an antidote.  
But let whatever be the matter,  
If you are anxious to be fatter,

Or want to be a little thinner,  
Or have no appetite for dinner,  
Or show them a disordered pupil,  
They have one cure for all—the blue pill !

Hold, said the turkey ; stop, I pray,  
(He was a critic by the way,)  
You are hard pushed to make a rhyme,  
If pupil must with blue pill chime.  
Pray, whence did you the jingle borrow ;  
Was it a poem called McMorrah ?

Yes, said the goose ; 'tis true, od rot it,  
How did you know from whom I got it ?  
Dermot McMorrah was the poem,  
By J. Q. A. Ah ! well I know him.  
I thought that as the work was dead,  
In fact it was but little read,  
I might steal from a brother goose,  
And of a few odd words make use.  
'Thinking no one would be the wiser,  
I did not fear a catechiser.  
But never mind the plagiarist,  
Just let me ask you soberly,  
Whether 'tis possible for man,  
Let him acquire all he can,

To know what's going on within,  
Up, from the stomach, to the chin ?  
Remember, that I don't maintain  
A doctor is a rogue in grain,  
For he may honestly believe  
He has the power to relieve.  
But has he not to take his cue  
From what the *patient* states as true,  
Who nine times out of ten mistakes  
The true cause of his pains and aches.  
And thus the doctor works by chance,  
All owing to such ignorance.

If every man that died, was cut up,  
Many a doctor's mouth would shut up.  
We should then see how little can,  
Be guessed at of the inward man.  
They take him regularly through  
A course of physic—bleeding, too.  
Some kind of fever hangs about him,  
Which doctors want to scour out him.  
One says 'tis bilious ; one again,  
Calls it a typhus—but 'tis plain, (B)  
That, call it by what name you may,  
The man can't live another day.

Then he's dissected eagerly,  
For every doctor wants to see  
The inside of a man that took—  
A fact proved by the druggist's book—  
One hundred dollars worth, at least,  
Of drugs not fit to give a beast.  
And when this man's examined, lo !  
There's nothing bilious there, I trow !  
Perhaps a needle in his gizzard,  
Or in his stomach lurks a lizard.  
This being the case, we're pretty sure,  
That what would bilious fever cure,  
Would never riddle out the needle,  
Nor from his berth the lizard wheedle.  
So doctors wander in the dark,  
And trifle with the vital spark.

Many a goose that lived in clover,  
Has been by doctors given over,  
Not by diseases out or in,  
But merely the *wrong* medicine.  
Perhaps a little dizziness,  
Keeps him at home from business ;  
Physicians say it must be bile,  
From a redundant, vicious chyle ;



And when he asks what he must eat,  
They say, "refrain from fat and meat."  
Now this advice is very well,  
As any one of sense could tell.  
But then the doctor adds a pill,  
Every night and morning, till  
He's on his back, and comes to be  
A miserable anatomy.  
Now could this man be opened too,  
And every viscus brought to view,  
We'd find the liver quite at ease,  
And innocent of the disease.

Yes, said the cock, who thought he might  
Another incident recite.  
I knew a man that would be bled,  
Feeling a pressure on his head ;  
But while his arm was getting tied,  
He laid his spectacles aside ;  
When lo ! he was relieved from pain,  
But when he put them on again,  
He felt the pressure ; so for fun,  
He put the glasses off and on.  
Old-fashioned spectacles will cling,  
And press tight if they have no spring.



This will produce a heavy dulness,  
Giving one a sense of fulness.

The goose cut in here, nothing loth  
To read a lecture to them both.  
Indeed, it is the same with man,  
They prose and lecture when they can.  
He nodded gravely round to each,  
Assenting to the rooster's speech.  
Yes, said he, what you say is true,  
It shows us what conceit can do.  
Now, had that nincom' lost his blood,  
The next thing, in all likelihood,  
Would be for him to starve, and swallow  
Nauseous drugs till illness follow ;  
And then, to mollify the pain  
Caused by the griping, he again  
Takes castor oil, or some such trash,  
And drivels with the water brash.  
Many a fool has worn a hat  
So tight across his forehead, that,  
As soon as in the air he gets,  
He with a teasing head-ache frets ;  
He goes straight to the chemist's shop,  
And calls for soda or some slop.

At length it comes to change of diet,  
Till his poor stomach's injured by it.  
And thus, a hat, too tight at first,  
With a disease the man has curst.

Finding the cock, and turkey, too,  
Listened to what he said, as new,  
He with a *speaker's* winning smile,  
Proceeded thus in *bolder* style.

What causes fever is the question,  
One species comes from indigestion,  
Another from obstructed pores,  
In fact, we find, that there are scores  
Of modes, by which a fever may,  
Keep the whole faculty at bay.  
Miasmata from ponds, perhaps,  
Brings coma, strictures, or collapse,  
Entering by the lungs, within,  
Or else by contact with the skin.  
When fever is induced this way,  
Should it not be the first essay,  
Whilst yet in the incipient stages,  
Before the circulation rages,  
To take—aye, let the doctors scoff—  
The atmospheric pressure off? (C)

You'll quickly find, when *that* is done,  
A healthy action going on,  
The system then can show resistance,  
Soon as we give it this assistance.  
Now, we should think one remedy  
Would not suit every malady.  
If indigestion causes fever,  
Then calomel is a reliever;  
For it is proper to apply a  
Dose to clear the *prima via*.  
And if the man's oppressed from feeding,  
Then let him have a copious bleeding,  
And after that assault is over,  
You'll find he'll gradually recover.  
But should he *more* cathartics use,  
And another bleeding choose,  
His stomach soon will lose its tone,  
And a real disease be known.

But if the fever come from cold,  
Whether the man be young or old,  
Just let him lie in bed all day,  
And eat but little—by the way;  
He need not take a single dose,  
If you can only keep him close.

But call a doctor ! in a hurry  
He sends you to the apothecary,  
First writing on a little scrap  
What may be called a *physic trap*.  
Disguised in Latin, too—oh shame !  
With the initials of his name.  
And may be, all that's written in't  
Is " water, lime, and peppermint !"  
The druggist reads the little paper,  
And folds it flat to light his taper,  
Or hooks it on the wire cramp,  
In case there's trouble in the camp.  
Then gravely to the shelf he goes,  
Where heterogeneous drugs repose.  
But finding no lime-water there,  
He substitutes—what's just as fair—  
Some salt of tartar, for he sees  
That both are caustic alkalies.  
He puts this simple mixture up,  
Into a phial from the cup,  
With label most exact, and gains  
Just half a dollar for his pains.  
A doctor ought to be averse  
To shrivel up a patient's purse.

Was the prescription English, they  
Would scarcely have a dime to pay.  
Even this small emolument  
Would yield the druggist ten per cent.

'Tis whispered—one or two M. D.'s,  
Not satisfied with thumping fees,  
Will not to any druggist send  
Either a patient or a friend,  
Unless for each prescription sent,  
They get full twenty-five per cent. !  
But so improbable this seems,  
I must have heard it in my dreams.  
If it be true, their names should be  
Spoken at “ high 'change ” fluently.

But, to go back—the doctor comes,  
Looks at the tongue and twirls his thumbs ;  
Then down goes calomel—perhaps  
He on your breast a blister claps.  
For when a doctor's called to you,  
And feels your pulse, it would not do  
If he should only shake his head,  
And tell you to lie still in bed.  
By which you quickly might become a  
Sound, well man without diploma.

A doctor certainly must make  
A little stir, for learning's sake.  
What ! give no physic ; stars and garter !  
This would disgrace his alma mater.  
A pretty kettle-o'-fish 'twould be,  
If he should let the patient free,  
Merely advising abstinence,  
And get him cured without expense.  
How could he ever think of marriage,  
Or, in a few years, keep a carriage.

I'll tell you what it is, my friend,  
This humbuggery must have an end ;  
Steam power has made us something wiser,  
A rail-road is a civilizer.  
They bring, in spite of wind and weather,  
The wisdom of the world together.  
The penny books of useful knowledge,  
To those who never were at college,  
Have given a prodigious start,  
And opened wide the doors of art.  
Doctors will soon be 'shamed enough,  
To write in *Latin* for their stuff.  
I cannot lay too great a stress  
On this preposterous finesse.

And I do hope, if what I say,  
Into a book should find its way,  
That every good physician will  
Write in plain English for a pill.

Besides exposing littleness,  
Another good will come from this ;  
There wont be half the dire mistakes,  
Which frequently the shop-boy makes,  
When he is left to put up drugs,  
To cure a child, or kill the bugs.  
Strip medicine of mystery,  
And there's an end of quackery.  
Just look at all the daily papers,  
How many doctors cure the vapours,  
And all diseases that are known,  
By one, far-famed catholicon ?  
If we would only take the trouble  
To investigate this nostrum bubble,  
We'd find the base of every pill—  
The effective part—is calomel ;  
These Hygean pills will make the devil,  
In an enlarged prospectus revel.  
But not to him are patients driven,  
They go, forthwith, like saints to Heaven.

For he that twenty takes a day,  
A moderate dose the venders say,  
Will be forgiven all his sins,  
Although his conscience prick like pins.  
The man who swallows awful drugs,  
Which bring him down like leaden slugs,  
Knowing they'll make him very ill,  
Should have no Christian burial.  
Yes, he that *meekly* drinks down salts,  
At which the very horse revolts,  
And wears a blister on his breast,  
Should never in a church-yard rest.  
The coroner's inquest should be,  
In every case—felo de se.  
While I thus speak without reserve,  
One other thing I must observe;  
We find when poor men sudden die,  
The coroners will soon be nigh.  
And this is oft the verdict shown—  
“Come to their death by cause unknown.”  
But should they all physicians claim,  
There's not a particle of blame.  
No inquests held—they did but die  
Secundem artem—lawfully.



The cock grew restless—for you'll find  
That listeners are not inclined  
To take *in* what is odd or new,  
They're burning to enlighten *you*.  
They hardly hear you out—in fact,  
You see immediately they're crackt,  
To show you that you're in the wrong,  
Or tell you something doubly strong.  
With startling facts or rhodomontade,  
They cast your story in the shade.

The cock, I say, without excuse,  
Malapropos his tongue let loose.

How differently *my* doctor acts,  
He gets acquainted with the facts,  
And when the *prima via*'s cleared,  
And the disease has well appeared,  
He then attacks it *vi et armis*,  
But in small drops that cannot harm us.

The old goose nudged the turkey's thigh;  
That's good, said he, and winked his eye.  
Then turning to the cock, he said—  
Yes, but your patient must be bled.  
Or surely when his life's at stake  
He must a strong emetic take.

Hist, hist, as I'm a living goose,  
Your "small drop" doctor plays the deuce.  
When a man's torpid, or in pain  
With inflammation of the brain,  
I wonder if his small infusion,  
Will undertake to stop suffusion?  
But 'tis not Homopathia alone,  
Whose imbecilities I've shown.  
The rooster need not look so blue,  
I speak of Allopathia too.  
See how the whole fraternity  
Are eaten up by jealousy!  
One doctor told me that he thought,  
Had he been called in, as he ought,  
The man might be alive and well,  
There was no reason, *he* could tell,  
Why such a slight disease as that,  
Should on a sudden lay him flat,  
"This doctor, said he—winking sly—  
Reduces folks too suddenly,  
Both in their pulse and purse—indeed,  
*There are more ways than one to bleed.*  
Think of his giving calomel,  
Full sixteen grains to every pill.

Or else, what's certainly as gross,  
Giving a man too small a dose,  
Who, to his sorrow and vexation,  
Thus undergoes a salivation.

Ah, sir, what secrets I could tell,  
Of life that's lost by calomel ;  
I'm precious careful how I use it,  
In fact, I frequently refuse it."

Another whispers in my ear,  
" One of our doctors, sir, I hear,  
Is no great reader—ah ! that's wrong,  
And should be reprobated strong.  
Surgeons and doctors, to succeed,  
Must every modern author read."

I certainly don't like a dunce,  
He ought to be exposed at once,  
But let me tell this caviller,  
Or, if he please, this libeller,  
Or, still more pat, this " Malagrowther,"  
Who sterling merit tries to smother,  
That he who can take off an arm  
Neatly, and nothing vital harm ;  
Or if he can—what's better still,  
Save amputation by his skill.

Or shun a nerve or artery,  
Or make an amaurotic see;  
Or through and through a cancer slash,  
Without a single useless gash.  
Or can trepan a skull, or scrape  
The bare bone of the back and nape;  
And do all this with skill and speed,  
Has no occasion *much* to read.  
Practice and observation are  
Much safer guides than books, by far.

And, after all, what *should* he read,  
There is no want of books indeed,  
Both in the arts and sciences,  
But there's no new appliances.  
Perhaps throughout the volume he  
One solitary fact might see,  
Which fact could be contracted to  
One page of Silliman's Review.  
If we look over carefully  
The works of great celebrity,  
We'll find that all the authors borrow,  
Just as you did from that McMorrah.  
A man of talent, tact, and skill,  
To keep pace with his compeers, will

Find out what progress art has made,  
And yet not through each author wade.  
Indeed, he can't afford it—your  
Professors generally are poor.  
They cannot buy a high-priced book,  
Just at one single case to look.  
Even the man who cries out—"read,"  
And in sly speeches takes the lead,  
Picks up by scraps, and scarcely sees  
Our home or foreign Quarterlies.  
The largest works from which he gleans,  
Are daily prints and magazines.  
Yes, those who say, (I've taken heed,)  
"That Mister so-and-so dont read,"  
And in such envy likes to grovel,  
Will be content with play or novel.  
These *learned* men whom I could name,  
'Gainst every thing that's new exclaim;  
But when on their resources thrown,  
They show no talent of their own.  
At a new fact they dare not look,  
Because it is not in their book.

Let me say on, there's others, too,  
With jealous eye their brothers view.

Every new-comer gets a thwack,  
He's called a mountebank and quack,  
Although this quack and mountebank  
Much higher than themselves can rank.  
And yet I *three* good doctors know,  
Who don't such paltry feelings show;  
They patronize what's good and new,  
And always give the devil his due.  
Be with them at what time you may,  
You never find them take away  
The reputation of a brother,  
Or speak unkindly of another.  
But such good men are scarce—Alas !  
I cannot say it of the mass.  
When a strange doctor comes among 'em,  
'They bounce as if a hornet stung 'em.  
Or just as if a bug-a-boo  
Had come to carry off a few;  
Or that the ancient " Bean-stalk " ogre  
Had come to eat them up, the rogue—or,  
As if the ghost of Osceola,  
With tomahawk from Pensacola,  
Had come to scalp them—just to show  
What scanty brains there lies below.

But I diverge too largely—We  
Both understand the faculty.  
Friend Gobbler is an Allopath,  
And I'm an honest Homopath ;  
Now, dear sir, may I be so bold  
As to inquire what creed you hold ?

Why, as to me, said Mister Goose,  
I never yet could see the use  
To make a fuss with any creed ;  
I use them all in time of need.  
Mistake me not—I only mean  
The creeds attached to medicine.  
Geese are proverbially slow,  
That is—we ponder as we go.  
That we are wise, you have a test,  
For, stamped, unerring, on our breast,  
Are indications of the weather,  
Which will hold good for months together.  
We don't run after theories,  
Merely enthusiasts to please ;  
We see that each one has its day,  
And, like the fashions, pass away.  
The new Electro-Galvanism  
Is likely to produce a schism.

It is more rational than those  
That just now lead you by the nose.  
For my part—we are friends together,  
And would not blab—birds of a feather—  
So that I'm sure I need not fear  
What sentiments I utter here.  
I'm, therefore, free to say to you,  
This theory, although 'tis new,  
Will speedily make proselytes,  
And set the harassed world to rights.  
Now, pray don't talk abroad of this,  
'Twill 'gainst me raise a prejudice.

Up spoke the cock—Aye, say you so,  
You are the biggest fool I know:  
Even the Allopaths have sense,  
Compared with this absurd pretence.  
What! turn the system inside out,  
And, from the toe nail to the snout,  
Make north and south poles, ad libitum,  
And with magnetic matter fit 'em. (D)  
I'll stick to Homopathia yet,  
And lay you all a good round bet,  
Which bet shall be a dozen eggs,  
Now hatching under Partlet's legs,



That the first honest man we see,  
Shall, in *one* word, decide for me.

I have no eggs, the Gobbler cried,  
Nor scarcely any thing beside ;  
But I will pull out every feather  
That folds so handsomely together,  
To make a fly-brush, or a fan,  
If any wise and candid man,  
Shall not, in *two* words, give a test  
That Allopathia is the best.

Well, said the goose, I'm positive  
Electro-Galvanism will live ;  
And I will every quill shake loose,  
To furnish pens for ass or goose,  
If *three* words shan't suffice to say  
That my new doctrine wins the day.

In good time waddled forth a duck ;  
My friends, said he, I've had the luck  
To hear the most of your dispute,  
Nor could I longer play the mute.  
As to your ancient Allopath,  
And your old German Homopath,  
Or this Electro-Galvanism,  
Or what's called Animal Magnetism,

(Which latter, by the way, is dead,  
For Durant knocked it on the head,)  
I would not give them—no, not *that*—  
Snapping his bill together, pat—  
For all they know of cholera,  
Or a disordered viscera;  
Or scarlet fever, or dyspepsy,  
Or ague, gout, or epilepsy.  
Poor ignoramuses they are,  
And pretty much upon a par.  
Bills of mortality must show  
How little of disease they know.  
And it is said of *all* your creeds,  
That frequently a cure proceeds  
From lucky guess-work or suggestion,  
And no *real* knowledge of the question.  
'Tis true, I grant, that they are able,  
When a dead subject's on the table,  
To put their finger on the spot  
That sent the unlucky wight to pot.  
But who cares, when a man is dead,  
Whether the *cause* lay in the head;  
Whether the lungs with phlegm was prest,  
Or whether 'twas a dropsied chest.

We owe it to the *surgeon's* college  
That they have this post mortem knowledge.  
*That* doctor finds himself in luck,  
Who on some happy thought has struck,  
And long before the man is dead,  
Has to the anxious listeners said,  
"You'll find it true, what I have stated,  
The diaphragm is indurated."  
It turns out, when the man's dissected,  
That *induration* was detected.  
And so the doctor's lucky guess  
Has been the cause of his success.  
His patients, thinking him profound,  
Trumpet his praises all around.

'The cock, a spunky little fellow,  
As fierce and jealous as Othello,  
Thinking the duck had said enough,  
Tried hard to give him a rebuff;  
Then muttering aside, he said,  
Don't let this fellow go ahead;  
Let's smother all this idle twaddle,  
That comes so glib from Mr. Waddle.

So, just as we serve orators,—  
Long-winded souls, who stick like burs,

And will not take a hint or frown,  
They tried their best to *cough* him down.

The duck cocked up his eye in wonder,  
Just as we see him do in thunder,  
But all the noise made no impression ;  
He only said with strong expression,  
Pray hear me out, and you will find  
To real merit I'm not blind.

If I think doctors, old and new,  
Take but a superficial view,  
It is because no mortal can  
Get at the inside of a man,  
Unless it be the surgeons—they  
Can almost with the heart-strings play.  
The study of Anatomy—  
The pith and bone of Surgery,  
Has the attentive student shown  
Where he may cut, where let alone.  
If a man chance his leg to break,  
'Tis firmly set—and no mistake—  
And if he have a ponderous wen,  
'Tis cut out, and he's well again.  
Has he an abscess—wondrous art !  
That can such instant ease impart,

The surgeon cuts through to the lobe,  
And with a gum elastic tube,  
The pus is quickly upwards drawn,  
And the man's agony is gone!  
Here there is certainty, you'll own,  
Soon as you come to set a bone,  
Or make a *nose*—I speak with awe!  
Or cut away a cancered jaw!  
Or extirpate an eye! Good heaven!  
That such rare skill to man is given.  
Or what is newer still, and bolder,  
To take an arm off 'bove the shoulder!  
Our Mott has done all this, and more,  
And though now on a foreign shore,  
Our admiration of his skill  
Remains in all its freshness still.  
Long may he live, improved in health,  
Enjoying well-earned fame and wealth.

In those who ably fill his place (E)  
The same extended views we trace.  
They scorn not to investigate  
The merest trifles that relate  
To natural science. They've no fear  
Of any *friendly* joke or sneer.

Nor will they act as others do,  
And stifle facts because they're new.  
We bid these able men "God speed ;"  
Let *independence* be their creed,  
( 'Tis want of that which fetters mind,  
And makes us lag so far behind.)  
Their zeal in science, and their knowledge,  
Will throw a lustre on the College.

Let us pay homage, here, to one,  
Who recent from the world has gone ;  
Never will Philadelphia see,  
Physic ! a man so great as thee !  
His steady eye—unerring hand—  
With judgment always at command,  
Made him pre-eminent. He sought  
The good of others when he taught ;  
His heart was open as the day,  
His modest mind sought no display.  
Simple in all his ways, and pure,  
He could not the least praise endure ;  
But there will now no shrinking be  
When we pronounce his eulogy.  
No more need we our praise withhold,  
That ear, alas ! is "dull and cold."

Finding he had attention won  
The speaker ventured to go on.

But there's one branch of surgery  
Which has progressed amazingly.  
See how the skilful oculist  
From the dim eye removes the mist!  
Most wonderful! I know a man, (F)  
Who, with the greatest safety, can  
Perform a curious operation,  
Not done before by any nation;  
Being the most extraordinary  
Fact in Ophthalmic Surgery.

'Tis well known that the human sight,  
Is sometimes quite deprived of light  
By a dull lens, called cataract,  
Which can't a single ray refract.  
There are *four* ways in surgery  
To make the cataractic see.  
Extraction of the lens is *one*,  
Absorption is the *second* done;  
The *third* is vertical depression,  
*Fourth*, horizontal inclination:

But not one surgeon, hitherto,  
Would any of these modes pursue,

If he perceived the vitreous humour  
Was all dissolved by pain or tumour,  
He knew that if this humour falls,  
Collapsed forever are the balls;  
That then no mortal could restore  
The eye-balls as they were before.

Our oculist, by careful thought,  
Was to the strong conviction brought,  
That, if the vitreous took the shape  
Of water, and should all escape;  
Or if it should, although 'tis rare,  
Fall out in mass, in spite of care,  
He might, before the eyelids close,  
Another fluid interpose.

Ah! blessed thought; he now resolved  
In case the vitreous was dissolved,  
Or even should it come out whole—  
Which sometimes is beyond control—  
The new experiment to try,  
And save a collapse of the eye.

The opportunity soon came  
Which was to signalize his name.  
He saw a well-formed cataract,  
With reason to suspect the fact



'That the albuminous secretion  
Having lost the power of concretion,  
Was *part* dissolved—he took his stand,  
With tepid water near at hand.

The moment that the cut was made,  
The vitreous came out with the blade ;  
The lens appeared, and in a minute  
The eye-ball had injected in it  
Some pure warm water, from a cup,  
Which plumply filled the eye-ball up.  
Adhesive plaister then was put  
Over the lids to keep them shut.  
That this is no romance or jest,  
Those that were present can attest.

But, what is still more singular,  
The eye, which always had a blur,  
Soon as 'twas healed and free from pain,  
Resumed its healthy look again ;  
And the injected water still  
Continues the whole ball to fill.

Nay, there's a curious fact likewise,  
Which will philosophers surprise,  
And to another question lead,  
Disturbing the *inverted creed*.

Though no refractive power remained,  
(The eye being of its humours drained,  
The capsules of the lens, too, gone,)  
Yet vision has been carried on ;  
And light is now refracted by  
The injected water in the eye.

But where's the seat of vision *now* ?  
In such a case, you must allow  
That the thick humour can't come out,  
Either in part, or whole, without  
It tears the retina. One touch  
Will bruise and mangle it so much,  
That it must loosen from the curve,  
And shrink down to the optic nerve.  
This delicate, loose, mucous curtain  
Never unites again, that's certain ;  
That is—if the thin film we see  
Can part of the true tunic be.  
The learned say so, but I doubt it,  
As vision can go on without it.  
Nay, should this film be really one  
Of the three parts by which 'tis known,  
The nervous portion, next in order,  
Would find itself in sad disorder.

For if the mucous membrane swerves,  
There's nothing to protect the nerves.  
Philosophers don't all agree  
In stating what this coat should be.  
So, as 'tis only nominal,  
I won't that film a tunic call,  
But it don't signify a jot  
Whether it be the coat or not :  
All I need say, is—the man's eye—  
By loss of humours nearly dry—  
Secretes again—again the light  
Impinges on the new-born sight,  
And outward objects brighter grow  
Without this tunic—*that* I know.

Hail Elliott—let a humble friend  
Break forth in praise—and let me blend  
The grateful thanks of those, whose sight  
Has been, by thee, restored to light.

Finding the duck had made an end,  
The goose spoke up ; said he, my friend,  
We've heard you out, and must declare  
Of Surgery you've spoken fair.  
We relish the eulogiums too,  
You've said what is both just and true.

Yet folks that have but small discerning,  
Will laugh and sneer at so much learning.  
But let them sneer—let critics cavil  
Because they can't your thoughts unravel ;  
Such hypercriticisms scout ;  
The facts you show will bear you out.  
You have not told us yet, my friend,  
Which way *your* speculations tend.  
You are no Allopath, I know,  
But what credentials can you show ?  
Before we to our *test* proceed,  
Enlighten us as to *your* creed.

Most certainly, the duck replied,  
I have not any thing to hide.  
'Tis true, in this crude state of science,  
On physic I have no reliance ;  
Excepting that a proper dose  
At certain times may be of use :  
But I shall strike out something *new*,  
To set agog the "learned few,"  
If they won't fly, and snap my head off,  
I'll tell them what they've never read of ;  
A doctrine that *must* find its way,  
And be the wonder of the day.

The periodicity of diseases (G)  
Is what the thoughtful doctor teazes.  
Knew he the cause, he'd have the power  
To break the fever in an hour.  
*Lét animalcules be his study,*  
And this sound doctrine will embody  
All that he can, or ought to know,  
Of what torments the system so.

The air is full of living things  
Much smaller than a midge's wings;  
Nay, their minuteness far surpasses  
The aid of microscopic glasses.  
They enter through the lungs and pores  
Perpetually, by million scores,  
And getting in the circulation,  
Would always bring on inflammation,  
Did not resistance from within  
Expel them out through breath and skin.  
But when the body is exposed  
To cold, or damps, the pores are closed;  
And then—now comes my theory—  
These animalcules, leisurely,  
All fall to hatching! for, my friends,  
To this wise law all nature tends.

You know that incubation varies,  
Each according to its series.  
Duck eggs in four weeks show a chick,  
In three weeks *hens* their shells will pick.  
Some of these animalcules may  
Bring out their young three times a day.  
The cholera then will show its power,  
And lay us prostrate in an hour :  
One class a term of nine days takes,  
Then out the hateful small pox breaks ;  
Some every other day, and hence,  
A tertian is the consequence.  
Those that hatch hourly make us shiver,  
And burn with a remittant fever.  
In this way all diseases come,  
To which our energies succumb.

Even in those disorders, too,  
Which only *once* we suffer through,  
Such as the measles—even there  
My theory will work out fair.  
The venomous intruders may,  
In their fierce sojourn, tear away  
The tender membranes, which alone,  
Serve them to breed their young upon.

These parts being seared, no future brood  
Can ever make their lodgment good ;  
'They come and go with great despatch,  
Innoxious—for they cannot hatch.

Therefore, you see, Ephemera,  
In pores, or wider area,  
In bodies, water, air, or earth,  
Have stated periods for their birth.  
When the resistance from within  
Is quite impeded, they begin  
To make a nidus of each pore,  
And shut it closer than before.  
You'll soon find many a believer  
In this true origin of fever.  
I've only told you in the rough,  
At present I have said enough ;  
And if it give you any pleasure,  
We can resume it at our leisure.

I thank you, sirs, for listening  
So patiently without a fling ;  
Now let me turn and give the test,  
And say what creed I think the best.  
You, Mister Chanticleer, I've found  
To Homopathia are bound ;

And wish me in *one* word to raise  
A goodly monument of praise.  
I hate to give you pain—alack !  
Your Homopathist is a—quack.  
Yes, your good doctor is a—stop,  
Cried the vexed rooster, let it drop :  
You've said enough, my friend, to show  
How little of the art you know.

The turkey, in the interim,  
Still hoped the duck would favour *him*.  
Not so—the duck exclaimed—forsooth !  
I lose your friendship by the truth ;  
But I'll maintain, in white and black,  
Your Allopathists are—quack—quack.

The turkey turned as red as scarlet,  
And, muttering, said—audacious varlet—  
But, fearful to provoke a fray,  
He quickly turned his head away.  
And the reflection came across,  
That Allopathia caused his loss :  
But still, like others of his breed,  
He clung to the destructive creed.

Bobbing and blinking, with a smirk,  
The goose went warily to work.



Nobody could believe, the bird—  
Famed for stupidity, you've heard—  
Could in mere subterfuge retreat,  
And profit by his friend's defeat.  
Instead of open battery,  
He tried to win by flattery.

Sir, said he, I perceive you're wise,  
I see exactly with your eyes,  
You must those worn-out doctrines scorn,  
And of their arts the public warn.  
Your animalcule system seems  
The very acme of my dreams,  
And, coupled with *my* theory,  
It will the ne-plus-ultra be.

Hold, said the duck, I own to you  
Electro-Galvanism is true ;  
No doubt we may attribute our—  
Indeed *all* motion to that power ;  
And surely 'tis a great point gained,  
That even thus far you've attained.  
But the inventors of that creed,  
If they would prosper, should take heed,  
And let it forward gently float,  
Not cram it, sudden, down our throat.

They should have paused, and come no nearer,  
Till further proofs had made it clearer ;  
But they stuck pills and nostrums to it,  
And now the foolish creatures rue it.  
They've thrown the doctrine centuries back,  
And in three words 'tis—quack—quack—quack.

Then followed, hissing, crow, and gobble,  
To get the old duck in a hobble ;  
For wide, however, all the three  
Did in their doctrines disagree ;  
Yet when thus treated, every feather,  
Made common cause and clung together :  
But, notwithstanding this, they found  
The duck kept every inch of ground.

Yes, said he, and I say again,  
Although it goes against the grain,  
That all your doctors, new and old,  
By puffs and guessing keep their hold,  
For every honest man must say,  
So many thousand deaths betray  
A want of knowledge of disorders,  
Which on empiricism borders.  
I'll say it, therefore, on the rack,  
That every doctor is a quack.

Bah ! said the cock, say that again,  
I'll send my spur right through your brain.  
I'll hiss you crazy, said the goose ;  
The turkey too, his phlegm let loose ;  
He spread his tail, and made a fluster,  
With all the courage he could muster ;  
And gobbled, gobbled ; but the duck  
To his opinions firmly stuck.  
Come on, said he, not thrown aback,  
Hiss, crow, and gobble—I'll cry quack.

Just as he spoke they heard a noise,  
And onward came a troop of boys,  
With bow and arrow, sling and gun,  
Hallooing loudly, ripe for fun.  
Soon as they saw the coming trouble,  
The goose ran quickly in the stubble—  
The turkey slunk behind the hedge—  
The duck dodged under in the sedge—  
The cock, half flying, made a stoop,  
And bounced down on a chicken coop.

THE END.



## NOTES.

(A) Alexis Eustaphieve, Esq. Consul-general of Russia. This gentleman has written an able pamphlet on Homopathia. He is a zealous and honest supporter of that doctrine ; and being a man of sense as well as integrity, his opinions are deserving of respect, even from those who have no faith in Homopathia.

(B) In two cases, the one highly bilious and the other a low intermittent, when both patients were given over by the physicians, the sudden evacuation of the stomach gave instant relief. In one case an over-dose of febrifuge caused a nausea, and in the other a stomach pump, only introduced a few inches, drew up the feculent disturbing cause. This feculent secretion was of the nature of that which is seen in post-mortem examinations. Both patients had taken an emetic in the early part of the disease, so that this secretion must have accumulated during the progress of the fever. In both instances, likewise, the diaphragm was painful to the touch. We mention this new mode of relief, in the hope that this experiment will attract the attention of physicians, as in a low state of the pulse an emetic cannot be given.

(C) We saw an account, not long since, of the restoration of a palsied arm by means of removing the atmospheric pressure. Whether it was meant as a hoax or not, we cannot say ; but there is no doubt, that in case of collapse, or stricture, that the removal of atmospheric pressure would restore the equilibrium. Hale's portable rotary pump could be more conveniently used for such purposes than the common air pump.

(D) See an ingenious theory by Dr. H. H. Sherwood. The pamphlet is entitled "Electro-Galvanic Symptoms."

(E) Dr. Brigham, professor of Anatomy, and Dr. Alban G. Smith, professor of Surgery, in the Crosby-street College of Physicians and Surgeons.

(F) Dr. Elliott, a gentleman who ranks deservedly high in Ophthalmic Surgery. The case cited is true in all its particulars, and recently a similar operation has been performed on the eye of a lady with the same success.

We do not know whether Dr. Elliott claims to be the inventor of this novel mode of preventing collapse and restoring vision, but he certainly is the first one who ever performed such an operation in New-York. No modern critic has ever alluded to its practicability.

This successful oculist has, as all ophthalmic surgeons should have, a very extensive and costly ophthalmic apparatus, with every valuable work on diseases of the eye; and his liberality in lending them to others, is deserving of all praise. He has, likewise, a large collection of beautifully executed coloured plates, both in comparative anatomy and the eye. Westmacot, son of the distinguished sculptor in Edinburgh, has made a great number of drawings for Dr. Elliott, principally of diseased eyes. He has recently executed one of singular beauty, showing the great sympathetic nerve, and its communication with the eye.

Mr. Westmacot is one of the best draughtsmen in the city; and there is no doubt, if the colleges of Surgeons and Physicians, both here and elsewhere, were aware of his peculiar talent for drawings of this kind, they would avail themselves of it for the benefit of the students.

(G) See an article which appeared in the Knickerbocker magazine, somewhere in the Autumn of 1835, entitled "Periodicity of Diseases."



